The Middlebury Register.

VOL. XLII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., JANUARY 25, 1878. NO. 43

Middlebury Register

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, BY

KNAPP & BAILEY.

L. E. KNAPP. H. M. BAILEY.

TERMS

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.50 PER YEAR, IF PAID IN CASH, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Otherwise $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

ONE INCH, ONE WEEK,	$ 50
EACH WEEK AFTER,	25
BUSINESS CARDS (1-2 inch, per year),	5 00
BUSINESS CARDS (1 inch, per year),	8 00
LOCAL NOTICES per line each insertion,	10

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE MIDDLEBURY.

Going South.		Going North.	
Mail	9:50 A. M.	Express	2:39 A. M.
Mixed	6:10 P. M.	Mixed	9:50 A. M.
Express	9:16 P. M.	Mail	3:30 P. M.

Sunday morning Express 3:07 A. M.

LEAVE VERGENNES.

9:17 A. M.	3:31 A. M.
5:30 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
8:47 P. M.	4:00 P. M.

Sunday morning Express 3:40 A. M.

LEAVE LEICESTER JUNCTION.

10:10 A. M.	2:35 A. M.
6:48 P. M.	8:56 A. M.
9:40 P. M.	3:05 P. M.

Sunday morning Express 2:40 A. M.
Arrive from Ticonderoga 9:25 A. M.
Leave for Ticonderoga 3:20 P. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport, 9:00 A. M.
Way mail from north, 9:50 A. M.
New York, Rutland and Albany, 7:30 A. M.
New York, 3:18 and 6:00 P. M.
Way mail from south, 3:45 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE.

Way mail going south, 9:30 A. M.
Way mail going north, 3:00 P. M.
For Ripton, Granville, Hancock, East Middlebury, Cornwall, West Cornwall and Bridport, 3:15 P. M.
Closed mail for Boston and Rutland, 5:30 P. M.
Closed mail for New York and Albany, 7:45 P. M.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

MIDDLEBURY.

Congregational—Corner Pleasant and Main sts. Rev. E. P. Hooker, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

Methodist—North Pleasant-st. Rev. W. H. Rowsom, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Thursday evening prayer meeting at 7:00. Class meeting on Friday evening at 7:30.

Episcopal—St. Stephen's Church—Main-st. Rev. James T. Franklin, rector. Sunday school at 9:30 A.M., Sunday services at 11:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M.

Roman Catholic—Weybridge-st. Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Sunday services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:30 P.M.

EAST MIDDLEBURY.

Methodist— — — ———, pastor. Sunday services at 2:00 P.M.

VERGENNES.

Baptist—Rev. Charles Hibbard, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Methodist—Rev. H. N. Munger, pastor. Sunday services at 1:00 and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

Episcopal—St. Paul's Church—Rev. C. I. Chapin, rector. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Friday evening at 7:00.

Mission Chapel—Dr. H. A. Ingham. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening.

Roman Catholic—Rev. P. Cunningham, pastor. Services, alternate Sabbaths, High Mass at 10:00 A.M., Vespers and benediction at 6:00 P.M.

Congregational—Rev. George E. Hall, pastor. Sunday services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. Weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7:00.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

It was Christmas Eve, and we were getting ready for a party.

To be sure, it was in war times, and our larder was nearly empty. Besides, father was away, and the raid from the enemy might interrupt the festivities; but for all that, we were determined on a merry Christmas.

Some of "the boys" were home from Virginia on a furlough, and the dashing guerilla captain who hovered around Hollywell with his intrepid "free lances," had promised to come, escorted by half-a-dozen of his handsomest privates.

In case they failed us, our small brothers were always at hand, and very serviceable we had already learned to make them as knights and esquires. In the pantry "gran' mammy" was busy preparing such delicacies as the times allowed, with mother and Aunt Sarah to assist her.

Aunt Sarah Edmandson was an old lady of sixty, whose home had been burned the first year of the war, and who was living with us until the dawn of brighter days. Her two sons were in the army.

Of these sons, one, Herbert, was a dissipated young fellow,—a constant grief to his mother and friends; but the other, Allan, was the pride of her heart. Noble, generous and true, it was not strange that upon him her every hope for the future should centre.

He was in the Virginia army, and it was only at rare intervals that Aunt Sarah heard from him, as Hollywell was almost entirely cut off from communication with the outside world. It had now been more than two months since a letter—only a few lines, written on the eve of an engagement—had been received.

For a long time past Aunt Sarah had been so low spirited as to distress us all; but to-day she seemed to have laid aside her gloomy thoughts, and I could hear her merry laugh mingling with the soft tones of my mother's voice, as they contrasted the somewhat meagre preparations for the coming entertainment with the magnificent ones of olden times.

"Jes' to think," I heard gran'mammy say, "at de housewarmin' when Miss Mary was married, we was one solid week a-bakin' an' a-brewin', gittin' ready for the company. Dar was poun' cakes, an' fruit cakes, an' silver cakes, as big roun' as barrel tops, an' pigs an' turkeys, an' chickens,—lor, you couldn't begin to count 'em!

"An' as for de syllabub, an' custard, an' egg-nogg, why, dey was jes' as common as water. Dat was a party wuth talkin' about; but look a-here, now, here's a loaf o'cake with dried cherries in it for raisins, an' sliced apple for citron,—he, he, he!"

I could imagine how gran'mammy's fat sides were shaking, as mother and Aunt Sarah joined in her laugh.

"An' as for meats," she went on, "here's only jes' two rabbits dat blessed boy Sam caught in his traps, an' one tough ole turkey an' a boiled ham!" Sakes alive! sich times, sich times!"

In the sitting-room, Ruth, Sam and I were busy with Christmas decorations. Huge masses of evergreen had been brought in, and long wreaths hung in graceful festoons from the walls. In vases and baskets were the last flowers that the frost had spared.

Chrysanthemums, purple, yellow and white, were mixed with sprays of holly, whose red berries glowed like blood drops among the prickly leaves. There were Christmas roses that had grown in sunny corners, and violets—as many as we could gather.

I had mounted a high table between the folding doors to hand a fancy basket, when, looking towards the gate, I saw Mr. Pennett coming in.

Mr. Pennett was our minister, a tall, grave man, very dignified and learned, but with a faculty of winning love that endeared him to all.

"Here comes Mr. Pennett," I cried. "Run and open the door for him, Ruth."

"Just look, Mr. Pennett," said I gayly, as he entered the room; "isn't this gorgeous? We are to have a party tomorrow night. My arm isn't quite long enough to hang this basket. Can't your reverence help me?"

"Don't hang it now, my child," said he, gravely.

Something in his voice startled me. I felt a quick thrill of apprehension as I looked at him, standing by the crackling wood fire, his hands crossed behind him, his head bowed on his breast.

The day had been warm and sunny; but at this moment, through the open window there came a gust of sharp wintry wind, and the door between the sitting and dining room closed with a slam, shutting out the cheerful sound of voices.

Then Mr. Pennett spoke.

"I have very sad news for Mrs. Edmandson," said he. "Allan was killed in battle nearly six weeks ago."

We were dumb with horror, stunned by the awful calamity.

"Harry Oliver saw him fall," continued Mr. Pennett. "His last words were, 'Tell my mother I died trying to do my duty.'"

At this instant Aunt Sarah entered. Her face was still radiant with smiles, and she greeted Mr. Pennett with unusual warmth.

The others crept out of the room. I crouched down in the corner, chained to the spot by a strange fascination.

They talked for a few moments on indifferent subjects, then,—

"Have you any news from the front?" asked Aunt Sarah. "It's been over two months now since I've heard from Allan. I know he has written; he was never one to neglect his mother. Ah, Mr. Pennett, if I could only tell you the joy and comfort that boy is to me."

If she only knew what was coming. Oh, how could she bear it! I sat there with clenched hands, a sickening faintness creeping over me.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Pennett, in a low, unsteady voice, "whatever happens, he is in God's hands—let us not forget that—and He doeth all things well."

The mother's quick ear caught the solemn significance of the tone and words, and she turned sharply upon the speaker.

"Mr. Pennett, why do you answer me in that way?—you who have always been so cheerful and full of hope? Have you heard anything of my boy?"

"There has been a battle," was the slow reply; and then the good minister broke down and hid his face in his hands. "God help you, my poor friend," he said, with an anguished utterance that told the fatal story.

I shall never forget the shriek that rang through the house. Aunt Sarah sprang from her seat, her gray hair falling loose about her colorless face.

"Mr. Pennett, Mr. Pennett! Not Allan, not Allan. Tell me you did not mean it. Speak to me. Oh, tell me that you did not mean it!"

Mr. Pennett caught the wildly extended hands in his, as he said in broken tones, "Your son—your noble son—has been called to the better home."

She sank back in her chair in a strange quiet that frightened me. The minister fell on his knees.

"O merciful Father, send thy Spirit to comfort this stricken mourner. Pour the balm of thy love into her bleeding wounds. Not for him whom thou hast called to enter into his reward do we weep, but for loved ones whom in loneliness he has left behind. Oh, help our thoughts to turn to him in that spiritual body which cannot die, radiant with immortal life in thy kingdom. Help us to realize that he is not lost, but gone before, and that in a little while, we, too, shall cross the dark river to be with him in thy presence forevermore."

A low cry interrupted the prayer. My mother sprang forward just in time to catch Aunt Sarah's reeling form, and for a time she found relief in a blessed unconsciousness.

Poor old gran'mammy caught Sam in her arms in a passion of tenderness.

"Oh, my boy, thank de Lord you is too little to be a soldier! for war is cruel an' hard, an' dar's no right in any of it. It's all bitter, black wrong—dat's what it is!"

And I echoed her words, as I threw down the flowers that all this time I had held unconsciously in my hands.

Later in the day, my mother was obliged to leave Aunt Sarah's room, and I took her place. I tried to think of some words of comfort for the poor stricken mother, who lay on the bed, moaning feebly; but none came to me. I could only throw myself on the floor and cry silently.

At last she raised herself and looked about in a bewildered way. I sprang to her side.

"Kate," said she, "in my work box—his last letter."

I gave her the letter, and she began to read it aloud, making strange, pitiful comments between the sentences.

"'Darling little mother,'—he always would call me that,—he is so big and strong,—my brave boy,—as tall as his father when he was fourteen years old—'keep up your heart, for I'm getting along first-rate.'"

"Keep up my heart? Why so I will. God is merciful. My home is gone, my other boy a living sorrow, my husband dead; of course God must leave Allan to my old age."

"'Your last letter was a great comfort. The boys think there was never such a mother as mine. We are thriving on parched corn and hard-tack,—not very dainty fare, but we have a good sauce to go with it. My big toe is out of my left boot; but our colonel is in the same fix, and some of the poor fellows are regularly barefooted. I write a long letter now, as we are on the eve of a battle.'

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the poor mother, with a heart-rending shriek. "That is what I was trying to remember. On the eve of battle! And he was killed! killed! killed! My boy, my only hope in life! No friend to close his eyes! A bullet tearing through his flesh! Oh, my God! I cannot, cannot bear it."

In such wailing the afternoon wore away; but toward evening she became more calm.

"Read to me, Kate," she said, faintly; "perhaps in His word I may find peace."

I opened my little bible and read the holy words of comfort that no repetition can rob of their healing power. Her sobs grew gentler, and her poor, stricken heart seemed to open to the balm of the Redeemer's promises.

Night brought her sleep; but the next dry the great black wave of sorrow rolled back upon her, and she sank beneath it. It was a sad, sad day.

I wandered about the house like one who sorrowed without hope. I had read the blessed words, "Heaviness endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." How little did I dream that before the setting of the sun they were to be literally fulfilled.

In the afternoon I was walking in the front yard, idly plucking a flower here and there, thinking what a mockery seemed the bright sunshine and the twittering of a bird near by.

There was a hawthorn hedge around the place, and looking through the interstices, I saw a soldier in gray coming towards our gate.

The sun was in my eyes, and the first thing I noticed about him was that he was extremely ragged. Then I saw that he had a long, tawny beard, the like of which I had never seen before.

As he drew nearer, his face seemed familiar; those honest blue eyes—what! did my eyes deceive me?—could it be? but the next moment all doubt was at rest, as he fairly lifted me off my feet and caught me to him, exclaiming:

"Why, my little coz, how you have grown!"

It was the old familiar voice of Allan Edmandson. I have always been proud that I neither screamed nor fainted; but I clung to him with such a white, frightened face that he became alarmed.

"My mother—is she well?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, yes," I gasped; "but we heard you were killed."

"I was left for dead on the field," said he, gravely; "but a Northern soldier picked me up and saved my life, though his comrades insisted that I was dead, and should be left where I had fallen. I was sent to the hospital, exchanged as soon as I was well, got a furlough from my colonel, and here I am only needing a little petting to set me up again."

Knowing that Aunt Sarah must not be told too hastily, I left Allan in the sitting room, with the injunction not to stir until my return, and ran up to her room. But I had no idea of the difficulty of the task I had undertaken. I blundered at it with the calm confidence of my years.

"See what beautiful flowers, Aunt Sarah," said I, in a lively tone.

She was sitting by the fire, in an attitude of utter dejection. She took no notice either of me or the flowers.

"O dear!" thought I; "what can I say next?"

"I read such a funny story to-day," I remarked; "it was about a man whom every body thought dead for more than twenty years, when all of a sudden up he came, alive and well."

No reply; so I planted myself where Aunt Sarah couldn't help looking at me, and seeing that my face was as bright and rosy as the flowers I held, she said:

"How soon—how soon the young forget!" And she shook her head drearily.

"O, no, they don't!" I cried; "but, Aunt Sarah, didn't you once tell me that truth is stranger than fiction?"

"What do you mean, child?"

"Why, I'm thinking of Cousin Allan," blurted I, never heeding her violent start at the mention of his name, "and wondering if he was really killed, after all. In war times one gets a great deal of information that is not reliable," I went on, with a certain satisfaction that I was rounding my periods properly, "and there's a man down stairs who says he was not killed."

Then I saw a transformation. Aunt Sarah had been sitting by the fire, a haggard, broken old woman,—face, eyes, expression, dull and dead. She sprang up, color and light flashing into cheeks and eyes, the vigor and erectness of youth restored to her shrunken and bowed figure. Before I could utter another word, she had swept past me and gone down stairs.

In my haste to overtake her I slid down the balusters, and reached the sitting room in time to witness the meeting—too touching for words to describe—between mother and son.

We feared the shock would be too much for her, but joy does not often kill. In a few minutes she was lying on the sofa, her hand clasping Allan's, her face radiant as an angel's, while we were all gathered round, listening to the wonderful stories he had to tell.

So our Christmas party was better, after all, than we had anticipated. Ruth sang all her patriotic war-songs, Sam executed a war dance, and as for supper,—well, we all promised never to tell how much our soldier boy managed to stow away under his gray jacket; but gran'mammy said, with a chuckle:

"Mighty lucky dar was gwine to be a party in de house! Don't know how else Mars' Allan would a' got enough to eat."

Happy and thankful were those Southern hearts that blessed night; and the prayers breathed from each one of them I hope may meet the eye of him for whom it was made, whose face we have never seen, whose name we have never known, but whose memory shall live with us forever.

God bless the Northern soldier who picked up the dying Southerner on the battle-field, and thus saved the precious life that will bear everlasting witness to his noble humanity.—[Youth's Companion.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.—Herbert Spencer begins the February number of this excellent magazine with the Introduction to what promises to be a very interesting series of articles on the "Evolution of Ceremonial Government." In this paper he shows the presence and controlling influence of ceremonial observances among the very lowest of human creatures, and even in some of the higher animals. From these primitive manifestations he will trace in future articles the evolution of those higher forms of ceremonial, characteristic of ancient and modern political and religious systems. "Geysers and how they are explained" is an illustrated article by Prof. Joseph Le Conte, who describes in a very agreeable manner the way in which these wonders of nature grow from mere boiling springs into fountains that shoot to heights of two hundred feet or more. Dr. Max von Pettenkoter has an admirable article on "The Hygienic Influence of Plants," a subject that has excited much interest, and which he treats in the light of the most recent science. Whether insanity is on the increase or not, what classes furnish the most victims, and what circumstances cause a rise or fall in the number of cases that occur, are among the points discussed in a valuable paper on "The Influence of Modern Life in the Production of Insanity," by Dr. Daniel Hack Tuke, the eminent English alienist. The fourth of Prof. R. H. Thurston's illustrated articles on "The Growth of the Steam-Engine" deals with the subject of steam navigation. Two articles that will be of interest to scientific people, but may prove a little tough for the general reader, are "The New Magnetic Observatory at Madison, Wisconsin," by E. W. Davis, and "The Chemistry of Fruit-Ripening," by Prof. Albert B. Prescott, of the University of Michigan. Prof. Tyndall has an article on the subject of "Spontaneous Generation," giving an account of some important observations made by him last summer in the Alps. "Counting by the Aid of the Fingers," illustrated; the "Addresses of President Eliot and Professor Marsh," at the inauguration of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park; and a Sketch of Walter Bagehot," late editor of the Economist, make up the body of the number. The Rev. Joseph Cook and his new "Biology" receive attention in the Editor's Table; and the other departments are marked by the usual variety of useful and entertaining matter. New York; published by D. Appleton & Co. $5 a year; 50 cents a copy.

The Kitchen.

"Few things tend so much to peace and comfort, making all laboring for the family contented and comfortable,—as a bright, pleasant, well-furnished kitchen. In no other room in the house are sunlight and fresh, pure air so indispensable as in the room where some of the most important work must be done. A long, narrow dark kitchen is an abomination. In some city houses, we suppose, it cannot be avoided; at least so the architect will affirm. Ranges or cook stoves should not be placed opposite a door or window. A good ventilation is important over the range or cook stove, by which the steam and disagreeable odors from cooking can be carried off without pervading the house. Three large windows are always desirable, and for a very large kitchen four would be better."—[Extract from article in Home Cook Book, by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

More Early History of the Cornwall Church.

"Nearly a Century Ago," in Register of January 11, has touched many a secret spring of memory, and opened many vistas of reminiscence in that far off time to which the writer of that article refers. There were quite a number of families in town, though widely scattered, and in several of them were persons of deep piety. At this particular time, Mr. Jeremiah Bingham, who was my informant, on Saturday spent some time in secret prayer wrestling with God for the outpouring of his spirit; and when he came into his house said to his wife, "To-morrow his wonders will appear, such as we have never witnessed before." The morrow came bringing with it a furious snow storm. She said to him, "Now what do you think of your prediction?" His reply was, "*My faith is not shaken.*" About ten o'clock A. M. the clouds broke, the sky cleared, the sun shone out bright and beautiful. The storm had passed away, and soon after ox-sleds filled with men, women and children were plodding their way through the newly fallen snow to the log-cabin of Mr. J. Bingham, West Cornwall, for this was to be the house of worship on that day. The Holy Spirit went with them, and that wonderful prediction was literally fulfilled, and this was the nucleus and divine planting of the church of Christ in Cornwall. This was in April, 1785, and the Congregational church was partially organized in May following, I think with about twenty members. It was not fully officered until two years after. Mr. J. Bingham was one of its first officers. He was deacon fifty-four years. The first minister was Rev. Thomas Tolman, settled by the town, Sept. 26, 1787. His ministry continued a little over three years. The second revival was in 1794, while the people were without a minister. This young church was not without its trials; one of its severest was, having a godless man, an imposter, as its minister for quite a length of time, but who was promptly dismissed as soon as the fact was learned that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Rev. Benjamin Wooster was settled Feb. 25, 1797, who labored nearly five years, and was dismissed at his own request. It was the custom for the town to guarantee the salary of the minister. He says "A town meeting was warned, and they gave me an invitation to settle with them. One man only dissented, and he did so, he said 'to take off the curse.'" He always spoke in the most affectionate terms of his people. "I was separated" he says "from the best people I ever knew." He was a man of sturdy proportions, of an active, adventurous spirit, a staunch patriot, with a bravery that nothing could daunt. The following incident illustrated the spirit of the man. "In one of his missionary tours in the northern part of New York, while riding along through an extensive forest near the close of day, he espied a man lying across the road before him, apparently asleep or dead. Riding near to him, he dismounted and was about to stoop down to lift him up, when the man bounded to his feet, presented a pistol, and demanded his money. The case called for prompt measures. "I put my hand on him," says Wooster, "and he went a great ways. The ruffian recovered himself from the fall and fled into the woods out of sight, and the missionary went on his way." The early history of this church is one of revivals. During his ministry in Cornwall, 1801, the third revival took place. There was faith and prayer and consecration to the work of the Master in those early Christians. There was a jealous honor for the integrity of the church, for the maintainance of Christian character and covenant obligation among the members that, insured the continued blessing of God. Church discipline was strictly enforced, and blessed results ever followed to the church and to the impenitent. Rev. J. Bushnell was installed pastor May 25, 1803, and continued his successful ministry precisely thirty-three years. During his ministry in Cornwall, the church enjoyed fifteen revivals of religion. As fruits of these revivals 658 were added to the church, and during his ministry 682. The first revival under his ministry and the fourth enjoyed by this church was in 1806, three years after his settlement; 106 as fruits of it were added to the church. Revivals continued as follows: In 1808, twenty were added to the church; in 1810, twenty-four; 1813, twelve; 1817, seventy-five; 1819, thirty; 1821, eighty; 1826, twenty-five; 1828, thirty; 1829, thirty-five; 1830, forty; 1831, sixty; 1832, thirty; 1834, sixty-five; 1836, twenty-five were added. What a wonderful record! We have the same faithful God now. In May 1836 Mr. B. was dismissed, but still continued to labor with his people at their unanimous request for some months. January 3, 1837, Rev. Samson Minor was ordained, when a general revival of religion the nineteenth was enjoyed by this church, as a result of which sixty-one were added to the church. Up to this period, as the further fruits of these frequent successive revivals, about twenty young men had been furnished for the gospel ministry, and eight or ten were then preparing for it. Mr. Minor's pastorate was a brief one, on account of failing health. He was an earnest, faithful pastor, and was often heard to say, "If this church should run down under my pastorate I could not live." That estimable and gifted lady, whom many of the present generation knew as the wife of Rev. Mr. Leavitt, and who was a long time principal of the Middlebury Female Seminary, was his wife, and in connection with her husband did a faithful work in this church. As an appropriate close to this article I quote a few lines of Rev. Mr. Bushnell's farewell injunction to his people, which he left them as a rich and rare legacy, after such a God-blessed and God-crowned ministry. Says he, "Live, my dear people, together in love. Keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace. Make the sanctification of the church of God and the salvation of sinners your ruling object here below. Subordinate all other valuable interests to that last end of God among men in this world. Let your past differences of opinion, if there be any, be forgotten, and every person combine in sweet concert to build up the house of the Lord. Associate together, and bear the ark of the the covenant of the Lord of Hosts forward to the salvation of this people." Next to the word of God the farewell sermon of this godly man should be read and treasured in the very "heart of hearts" of this people.

A young man from Syracuse brought a couple of telephones and and a coil of wire rope to Rome last week, and in the evening he went around to a house where a girl lived, whistled softly until one of the upper windows was opened, as he expected it would be. Then he threw one of the telephones up into the window and whispered into the other instrument: "Are you there, darling?" Sharp and clear came the answer, "Yes, I'm here, and if you'll wait till I get my boots on you will think you have been elected for the next world by fifty thousand majority." He had hit the wrong window.

A well conducted farmers' club is a blessing to any neighborhood.

WASHINGTON.

Funeral Orations in the Senate.—The disdainful Conkling Eclipsed by the brilliant Booth.—Edmund's Forte.—The Oregon Whangdoodle whines doleful Platitudes.—A Torpedo in the Democratic Dove-Cote.—Politics.—Society.—The Spanish Minister's Reception.—Etc., Etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, 1878.

It is quite entertaining to hear United States senators read funeral orations. On all political questions we know pretty much what each senator will say, and on the floor of the Senate we hear repeated, though in inferior English and with faulty elocution, the same arguments that we have read again and again in the papers. But a funeral oration is out of the usual line. It is no easy transition from finance, or the Southern question, or internal improvements, to elegiac oratory. Some senators, powerful in debate and ready in repartee, appear lame and commonplace in this unfamiliar *role*. This was notably the case with Senator Edmunds, of Vermont. His forte is in witty repartee and a species of cold sarcasm with which he freezes those who presume to differ from him. Conkling and Edmunds are decidedly the most egotistic and contemptuous senators on the floor, but the contempt of Conkling, uniform, perennial, and eternally placarded on his nose, is much less irritating than the clammy variety that oozes from the repellant, I had almost said repulsive, Vermonter. Senator Edmunds' eulogium on Morton was well written, discriminating and just, but it was, on the whole, disappointing to the galleries, becaused it fell short of eloquence. One part of it made the studiously unimpressible Conkling smile and look guileless. It was when he hit the administration foul by saying that Senator Morton was not one of those Republicans who believed that the best interests of a cause would be promoted by appointing its opponents to office. After Edmunds, Conkling spoke, and he was the only senator who deviated from the rule of reading his remarks from a manuscript. To all appearances he spoke impromptu, just as Mark Antony did over the dead body of Cæsar. Read Shakspeare's account. Shakspeare was there. Senator Conkling's elocution, slow and drawling on all occasions, was peculiarly elongated on this occasion. If it were not for his brains, character and dignity of presence, this peculiarity would cause him to be laughed at. He immediately placed himself abreast with antiquity, and spoke of how the ancients regarded death; thence he branched into unlimited and fervid eulogy, and concluded, having made a speech that the general verdict said, right then and there, could not be eclipsed in force and brilliancy. But the general verdict was mistaken, as it cheerfully and unanimously conceded after it had listened to Senator Booth, of California. Senator Booth's oration was from first to last crowded with unmonotonous narrative, striking antitheses, and bold climaxes, and it was singularly free from the triteness so common on funereal occasions. He had evidently expended great labor in its preparation, for the sentences were condensed and finished to the essence of ideas. If his oration does not appear in the school readers of the future as a model of elegiac eloquence, it will be because it is crowded out by an inferior composition. Senator Burnside's remarks were peculiar in their abundance of personal reminiscence. He and Morton were schoolmates in their early youth, and did not meet again until Burnside was appointed to the command of the department of Ohio, which included Indiana, of which state Morton was then governor. Their second meeting in official relation was not until Burnside had been elected senator from Rhode Island.

The flattest and most commonplace efforts were those of Senators Paddock, of Nebraska, Mitchell, of Oregon, Wadleigh, of New Hampshire. Senator Mitchell sought to make his part impressive by adopting the sing-song tone of a rural preacher, and one had only to close his eyes to realize the music of an Oregon whangdoodle mourning over its first born. Expectation was excited to hear Senator Voorhees, who, since his speech on the silver bill, is the leading senatorial star, but his eulogium was brief, pointless, and non-committal. He, however, said that he thought that the influence of Morton on American politics since the war had been detrimental to the peace and prosperity of the country. Senator Thurman confined his remarks entirely to the personal and social character of the deceased senator, and said that while they had been for years in sharp antagonism on political questions, there had been no harshness or discord in their individual relations.

There is but little that is interesting from a political or social view, this week. The Democratic organ, the "Post," of this city, has exploded a torpedo in the party dove-cote by an attack on Speaker Randall, who, it would seem from the Post's standpoint, has not behaved lovely in the organization of the House committees. But the charges of the paper are, as yet, too vague to be classified except as "general cussedness.

High social and diplomatic circles are on the *qui vive* in relation to the entertainment of the Spanish minister in celebration of the nuptials of the king of Spain, on the 23d instant.

Receptions have been resumed at nearly all the old centres, and while there is a change of *personel* in both the receivers and the received, and a perceptible diminution in numbers and gorgeousness, it is evident that cakes and ale are not yet exhausted, that young ladies prefer Worth and his imitators to any Quaker *modiste*, and that young and old beaux have not lost the art of beating their tailors out of swallow-tails coats. S.

Nellie has a four-year-old sister, Mary, who complained to mamma that her "button shoes" were hurting. "Why, Matie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got!"

A Yankee editor wishes to know whether the law recently enacted against the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

A young Iowa man welcomed his sweetheart with so cordial an embrace that a pistol in his pocket exploded, seriously wounding a boy who was looking on, forgetful that two were company.

It requires a great deal of badness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.

"Can you tell me, sor-r, wher-r Mistress Mur-r-phy lives?" "Which Mrs. Murphy?" "The one who died las' noight, sor-r!"

The Denudation of the Sierras.

It will be but a very short time before we shall be able to observe the effect that stripping the pine forests from the sides and summit of the Sierras will have on the climate of this state and California. In a few yeras every accessible tree, even to such as are only of value as firewood, will be swept from the mountains. Even now this has been done in some places. It is to be hoped that a new growth of pines or timber trees of some kind may spring upon the ground that has been cleared; but we do not hear that any such growth has yet started.

Already one great change has occurred that is evident to the most ordinary observer, which is the speedy melting away of the snow on the mountains. It now goes off at once—in a flood—with the first warm weather of spring, where as formerly, being shaded and protected by the pines and other evergreen trees, it melted slowly, and all summer sent down to valleys on both the eastern and western slopes of the Sierras, constant and copious streams of water. Instead of a good stage of water in our streams throughout summer, as in former times, there is a flood in the spring, and when this is passed by our rivers speedily run down, and being no longer fed from the mountains, evaporation leaves their beds almost dry when the hot weather comes on.

The mountains being stripped of their trees there will be nothing to shade the rocks and earth, and both will absorb a sufficient amount of heat from the rays of the sun during the fall, and even till far into the winter, to melt any light fall of snow that may occur. The result will be that our autumn weather will reach further and further into winter until at last we shall have no winter worthy of the name.

On the California side of the mountains the effect will be much the same. The hot weather of the valleys will extend over the foothills, and gradually reach up into the mountains.—[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

Amos' Book-Keeper.

We asked Amos how his boy was getting along at school.

"Pleg take dat boy, done tuck him 'way from dat school!"

"Uh, oh; he was gittin' mos' too smart down dar wid dat book-larnin'. 'Twon't do for some niggers to be too egikated."

"Why not, Amos?"

"Well, sah, jess take dat boy, f'rinstance. I put dat boy ter, keep books fer me 'bout de sellen' ob the garden truck dis summer. Well, sah, he jess rit down charges dar in de book fer all the truck dat I tuk out ob the garden, an' charges fer all dat we eat in de house, and credit hisself wid de little 'mounts dat I let him hab 'long at odd 'casions, an' den he go an' add dem all up, and struck a balance, he say!"

"And how did you come out?"

"Come out? 'Fore de Good Master, I didn't come out at all! Dat boy done stuck me for 'bout thutty-fibe dollars, 'sides his wages as book-keepah. Now, dat's what de figgers sed."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I jess burn up dat book right dar, an' den 'scharged the book-keepah, an' hire him ober again ter saw wood fer his board and close."

"You did?"

"Yes, sah I did dat. Why, boss, ef dat boy hed kep' dat book on me till now, he'd done own dat house an' gyardin patch, an' bin chargin me an' his ole mammy for bed and bread! I tell yer dis hyar book larnin' is ruinin' dis young breed ob niggers—'tis sho!"

A NOTEWORTHY NUMBER.—The number of Lillell's Living Age for the week ending Jan. 19, contains "The Ninety Years' Agony of France"' by Prof. Goldwin Smith; an instalment of "Erica," translated from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; "The Story of Maximilian at Miramar and at Queretaro," a very interesting sketch translated from the French of Victor Tissot; "Modern Life and Insanity," from Macmillan; "Macleod of Dare," by William Black, from advance sheets; "The Celt of Wales and the Celt of Ireland," Cornhill; "Smith's Poor Kin," Spectator; "Valentine's Day," an unpublished poem by Charles Kingsley, with other short articles and poetry. The back numbers containing the first instalments of "Erica," and a story by Miss Thackeray, are still sent to new subscribers for 1878.

For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; or for $10.50 any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

A benevolent woman residing at Tiffn, O., being moved with pity for a destitute tramp, gave him a hearty meal and some old clothes. The thankful tramp sought to show his gratitude, and finding that the benevolent woman's husband lay sick of a colic, prescribed a dose of jimson-weed tea. The husband took it, and, unless it is mortgaged, there is no incumbrance on the widow's farm.

A little girl down in Maine was listening with much interest to the story of Jonah. When the question was asked "What should you suppose would be the first thing Jonah would do after the great fish threw him upon the land?" she answered promptly, "I sh'a fink he'd go home quick as he could and get cleaned up."

There were only seventy cats at Philadelphia's recent cat show. The other 7,000,547 (adds the Noristown Herald) were sitting on back fences and sheds o'night growling at the small amount of the premiums offered and discussing methods to avert the dangers threatened by the lively sausage season.

A bright little four-year-old made the remark the other day upon seeing a lady friend with her head bound up in consequence of the toothache—"I guess Aunt Clara will have to go heaven and let God put a new head on her."—[North Adams Transcript.

A young man of fashion who threw himself in a love-fit into the Thames, was rescued from his perilous situation by a waterman, who heard him roar out most unmercifully that he wished to be rescued in order that he might add a postscript to his farewell letter to his sweetheart.

A Nebraska judge decided to give a horse thief one more chance to reform. As the fellow left the neighborhood to begin a newer and better life he took along the judge's horse to help him.

Woman's Temperance Column.

"The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

A Drunkard's Fate.

Says Mr. Gough: A graduate of one of the universities of Great Britain came to me shaking and trembling. He said he had "come to me as he would go to a physician."

I said, "You must stop drinking."

"I cannot."

"You will die."

"I am afraid I shall. Give it up I cannot."

My wife and two gentlemen were present. I said, "What good does the drink do you?"

"No good."

"Why do you drink?"

"I must have it."

Thinking that, being an educated man, he might give me some idea, I asked him, "Will you tell me how you feel before you begin to drink and afterwards?"

I shall never forget. He stood up and said, "All I can say is, I must have it."

"Why?"

"I feel as if there were insects in my veins! Oh! it is horrible! horrible! I touch my coat, I touch my hands, and I jump! I shall go mad—mad—mad! If I could not get it without having a sound tooth torn out of my jaw, bring the instrument and wrench it out; I must have the drink, you see; so I get it. And then I stand still, that I may not disturb its effects. That's what I want; I want relief, and I feel it. Quick, quick, hot; it sends blood through my veins; the insects are gone, and I begin to perspire. Yes, I am better, better! It's what I want—it's coming, it's coming, it has come to me—relief—like a flash of summer lightning, and it has gone, and I get another."

"Then," I said, "you will die."

"I am afraid I shall. Can you save me?"

"Not unless you stop drinking."

"I cannot die; I have not offered a prayer to God for sixteen years."

"You must give it up."

"I cannot."

I said, "God will help you."

"No, he won't."

"I will," said I; "my wife and I will take care of you for four days, if you will. I have just four days to spare for you."

We took him, though we could get no promise from him. We nursed him night and day. The third afternoon he sat with me, his hand in mine, and I spoke to him of God and Christ and eternity.

He said: "I am a man of some common sense, I believe; and am very well aware that I can never be happy in another world."

He then went out and cut his throat from ear to ear. Oh, my friends, shall we not try to save our fellow-men from such a fate?

The Science of Alcohol.

By slow, but nevertheless by sure steps, the nature and physiological effects of alcohol are becoming better understood; and physician after physician pronounces against its use for human beings. Pure alcohol is only known in the chemist's labratory. It has so great an affinity for water, that it is only by the greatest care that the chemist can obtain it absolutely pure. He must distil it over and over again, and absorb the water with caustic potash, before he can obtain the liquid he wants. Now this liquid is absolute poison—if we can conceive it possible any one would drink it. So energetically does it absorb water, that, taken into the system, it would dry up the tissues and destroy life. In its commercial forms of brandy, gin, rum and whisky, it appears as alcohol and water flavored with certain others obtained from the ingredients of the mash put into the still of the rectifier. The crude spirit is made from all sorts of things—from starch, sugar, from potatoes (which chemically represent the same thing), and it can even be prepared from petroleum, which is simply a compound of hydrogen and carbon. This crude spirit is rectified and flavored to suit the public taste, and appears in bottles as so much under proof. Proof spirit may be taken to mean half alcohol and half water. In the case of malt liquors, the alcohol which they contain is obtained from sugar, and from the starch of the barley, which has been converted into sugar, in the process known as malting. We have not space, however, to describe the chemistry of the subject here. Suffice it to say, that, while alcoholic drinks to a certain extent act as stimulants, it is now known that they are really depressents and narcotics. As ordinarily imbibed, they act for a time as stimulants, so-called. They accelerate the motions of the heart and excite the nerves; they cause a feeling of genial warmth on the surface; but the internal heat is decreased; and when administered in large doses the temperature goes down quickly and to such an extent that it is readily detected by the aid of a thermometer.—[Vermont Witness.

A correspondent from Madagascar says: "The evil we most fear just now arises from the habit of spirit drinking, which, I grieve to say, is greatly on the increase among the higher class of young men among us. The government, thoroughly alive to the magnitude of the peril that threatens the country from this source, has recently passed the most stringent laws prohibiting the sale of strong drink throughout the province of Imerina. It is very affecting to see a queen and prime minister (themselves having but recently emerged from heathenism) struggling to stay the progress of this terrible curse, which threatens to sap the vitality of all that is good and hopeful in the land: while their efforts are rendered almost nugatory by the cupidity of foreign traders. The French consul applied to the government for compensation to the French traders on account of the prohibition of the sale of spirits. The reply of the queen and prime minister is characteristic and noble: 'Yes,' they said, 'we will give you compensation, provided also you will compensate us and our subjects for the incalculable mischief the sale of your poison has already done.'"

Dr. Davis says: "Our whole system of police management of drunkeness should be changed. Instead of repeated arrests, petty fines, and imprisonments, in direct contact with criminals, which all past experience has shown only aggravated the evils, the law should provide for having complaints against all of this class lodged with the judge of the county, or other of record, and such judge should be authorized, on the certificate of two competent and well-known physicians, to commit the party to an asylum, such as above described, for a term of not less than one and not more than five years, unless sooner discharged for good conduct and full recovery by the superintendent in charge of the institution. Under such a system of management this class of institutions could be made very nearly, or quite, self-supporting, and a very large proportion of those brought under their influence permanently restored to health and good citizenship. Such a system would place the relations and personal liberty of the confined inebriate on the same level with the insane, with institutions specially adaptedto effect his reformation".

A looking-glass is kinder to us than the wine-glass, because it reveals our defects to ourselves only, while the latter reveals them to our friends.